

DUTCH HARDCORE



**Crapaud Chronicle special Souvenir Edition celebrating
The Crapaud's first ever "Go Dutch" Bike Bash in
Amsterdam 24th - 27th August 2013**

- - Introducing our Brave, Intrepid (and totally Mad) Hares - -



Taxi !



Shiggy !



Vulva !



Rampant !

..... revealing their inner Alter-Egos !!!



HARDCORE CHRONICLE

FREE
(Plus VAT
at 20%)
*Special
Editions
Published
almost
Annually*

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The Official Organ of the Crapaud Hash House Harriers

Reporter: Tinky Winky

**Souvenir Special Limited Edition – Amsterdam Bike Bash 2013
From your International Reporter**

Before you read on – Important Disclaimer

Any relationship to actual events bears no resemblance to what may have happened over this weekend and quite possibly have been completely fabricated. Names have been changed and others have been blamed to protect the guilty whilst framing as many innocents as possible. If you think you recognise anyone, or remember anything that happened, this is due to your own dirty mind for which the author disclaims any responsibility.

Crapaud's are very habitual creatures. Tracing our unique roots from Northern France going back some 1,600 years it is not surprising we like to go back there once a year for our annual Bike Bash. We have been returning to our Normandy origins for as long as our memories recall. That's at least a decade. Being on wheels prevents us being squashed by La Francais "voitures" and the extra height enables us to spot the very best alcohol infused "ponds", otherwise known as watering holes. Our cycling tradition avoids us having to rise our bodies up from the ground standing high on all fours and making a hissing noise. Especially when the watering holes serve up decent beer and we get real croissants for morning breakfast.

Mad Hares, the lot of 'em

Several years ago a couple of mischevious Hares misled the Pack on a Bike Bash across unmentionable shores. We were hijacked off to another Island too far North where Crapaud's cannot comfortably cycle. I do recall shortly after that infamous trip our Honorary Grand-Master Shiggy uttered these memorable words:-

"Never again to that unmentionable place, in future we always Bike Bash in La Belle Normandy as we always..."



Departure Lounge Nerves... Wot, no Bikes?

... have gone in the past. Joie de vivre la Bretons!"

So.... it was with some surprise and not a small amount of consternation, only a few years later within Toad memory, Shiggy and Rampant his co-Hare, along with Crapaudette's Vulva & Taxi, hatched what appeared to be a dastardly plot involving the Crapaud's going even further North (plus another slight hop Eastwards) to an even stranger foreign country deep in the heart of Euroland. What's more we would not be riding our own Bikes but some rented rust buckets without gears or even brakes. The Hares assured us in case of emergency pedalling backwards would bring these trikes to a halt. We wondered have the Hares gone Mad?

Crapaud's Survival Kit

Notwithstanding uncertainty about how this Dutch Hardcore adventure would transpire and inspite of the rendezvous being somewhere far, far, away from our habitual Bike Bash stomping grounds a goodly group of enthusiastic, if not rather rash, Crapaud's signed up for the Dutch Jolly. Even then, where is Amsterdam & what's it like we thought? The Hares eventually issued a Survival Kit to the gullible Crapaud's with these rather disconcerting words of advice:-



Mad Hares! Mischevious Hares?

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Rouge!**

Hare's Words of Wisdom

“Vulva, Taxi, Rampant Rabbit and Shiggy welcome you all on this first ever ‘Go Dutch’ bike bash. Due to the number of canals and small streets that make up Amsterdam Central can present some problems [Editor, oooh errr, how many of us will end up cycling over edge into the briny?] in trying to find your way round the city. After some consultation between the intrepid Hares it was decided that Vulva Viv would be the leading guide due to her incredible sense of direction. All we can say is enjoy your trip!!!”

That's alright then, we thought, at least the Hare with some sense would be showing us all the way... and what's more they even gave us some help with the local Lingo providing us with two special Dutch Translator guides for the Crapauds...



Vulva & Taxi - Crapaud's Dutch Guides?

***Saturday 24th August
Chocks Away!***

Some Crapaud's arrived at the Harbour, sorry – at Jersey Airport – early, some on time and a few as usual arrived slightly late. Gobbler had legged it over from Donkey land meeting us in the VIP Lounge. But TITS nearly went TITS UP thinking we were departing 1½ hours later than our Hares had advised. She made it to the departure hall just in time. Before we boarded the plane taking us to Holland the Hares doled out Goodie Bags containing a Dayglow T shirt accompanied by lots of dubious articles including a Face Mask? Although the Pilot was rather dubious about taking so many Toads on board eventually our flight was called and we Hopped on board...



Airborne Toads!

Premature Ejaculation

Plonker now regretted treated himself to a egg & bacon buttie having spilled egg down his pants making him look as though he already had close encounter with a Dutch Tart. Blue Islands prematurely congratulated ET on her 60th Birthday (she is actually 54 I am told) presenting her with a free Bollinger whereupon Pussy managed to ejaculate bubbly across the cabin. Fuzz was not so lucky having forgotten her Champers left behind in the departure lounge. We encouraged the Pilots onwards singing “Tulips from Amsterdam” until we landed. Good job the pilot had his intercom switched off and could not hear our load croaking.

At Schipol Airport it appeared some of our baggage had been prematurely ejaculated during the flight. Our boredom during the long wait was relieved by a Dutch steel band (formed by Airport workers) then by Shiggy kicking off again with another rendition of “Tulips from Amsterdam”. But Gobbler's, Viv's, Smuggler's & TITS' bags were nowhere to be found – although we discovered later if your bag goes round the Schipol Airport conveyor belt twice without being collected they take it off, hide it somewhere even Servisair don't know about, and probably later blow it up. Just like Easy Jet at home? Eventually we all climbed onto our coach the Hares had booked (no slumming it on the Dutch railway, eh!) and were whisked directly to our hotel, the Carlton Amsterdam, right in the centre of the City that never sleeps.



First Dutch Drinks...

We found the watering hole downstairs and proceeded to liven up the afternoon, interrupted by Good News missing cases had been found – although it took another two days for them to be delivered to the Hotel. Definitely more Slowisair than Servisair!

Toad in the Hole

After imbibing a few and Plonker showed us all up - my notes say “The Secret Life of a Plonker” but I forget why he got in a Hole – we all set off across Amsterdam following the Hares to God Knows Where. Suddenly the Hares did a quick left turn and stopped outside an eaterie proudly announcing “Coco's Outback - Lousy Food & Warm Beer”. Oh Gawd, are they taking us to the pits we thought. We should not have worried the beer was half decent & cold & the late afternoon lunch was excellent, served up by a bunch of very friendly Aussies. Buckets of Budweiser flowed across the tables. Kangaroo tails were spread around in gossip.

Commando was complaining of a stiff neck. Two Stroke said we'll soon sort that out tipping ice cubes down back of her..



Aussie Welcome!

...dress. Commando might have taken him down to One Stroke but instead she stopped moaning & started squealing, rather loudly. Passers by stopped wondering what was going on, then continued their way onwards very quickly. Post dinner Klingon dropped his pants. Passing locals gave a very big cheer! Clearly used to seeing such assets? We had a great afternoon warming up for the Red Dress Run with "Bud" flowing as freely as the Canal waters....



Gimme your Secrets, Shiggy!



Warming up for the Red Dress Run...



Another Budweisser Bucket, please Waitress!



The Pack was beginning to Fall Over..

Back to the Hotel and all change into our little Red Dress numbers for the evenings run. Time for beer or two more at the Hotel Bar, which opens out onto a pedestrian street lined with market stalls specializing in selling Dutch bulbs. Aptly named the *Bloemenmarkt*. A passing *Bloemen Dutchman* thought Bags of It with his blond pony tails was worth chatting up for the night, all he got was a legover but Maggie gave him a quickie cuddle.

Crapaud Dutch Translator

(works best read backwards)

Ik de Bergkamp orrrf! – Go Away!

Ik de Van Persie – I need the Bog (quick)!

Ik Kan de Ruimte Cake – Can I have Space Cake?

Geef je karting – do you give a discount?

!! Elf 'n' Safety warning !!

Don't say these to any Dutch Dykes,

but some may work with Dutch girls

(here's hoping!)

Geef me de werkden – Give me the works

Wat is uw tarieven – What is your rates

Hoe lang is de rit – How long is your ride

Ik kan een viuggertje hebben – Can I have a quickie

Now translate into Dutch –

I got two big slaps around the chops!

*Saturday 24th August
Night Life - Red Dress Run*



Illegal, Bagsofit, Maggie, GM, Commando & Lovely Pear's - Red Legs Have it!

Show Stoppers

Soon the Hares sent us all off on the Red Dress run, weaving through the back streets of central Amsterdam. Shiggy led the charge out front, down lanes, across bridges & along canals. We rounded one corner arriving at a canal where a play was being performed on water, rather on a floating barge. The canal side was lined with hundreds of spectators armed with wooden batons. As we ran across the bridge and behind their seating they turned, ignoring the floating performers, as one and all to watch us run past them, showing their appreciation by banging their batons and cheering us on! We gave them a sterling performance they will remember for many years, much to the floating thespians frustration! *Nightmares anyone?*



Maggie gets Dutch Boy with Bagsofit!



I'll give you the Full Works, Mate!

Pissed Down & Pissed Up

We ran past City Hall with it starting to rain towards the Amstel Bar, on the Amstel River of course. We held the check underneath massive canopies outside the Bar. No sooner had drinks been served than Shiggy suggested we had another 9 kilometres to run and we must drink up! By now it was pissing down and the Pack told Shiggy in no uncertain terms ...



Dutch Girl Hijacks our GM!



Scotch & Irish Legs It orrff!

... to "piss off" no way would we run anywhere.... The Pack was now revolting - particularly because we were soaked and getting rather smelly? Shiggy decided to go with the majority vote so we had a really good piss up while it pished down. Eventually the heavenly rain stopped and we set off again in our Red Dresses into heart of the Red Light district.

Red Lights, Red Dresses, Bargain Prices?

That's when proceedings became very interesting. Streets were crowded with punters looking for curvy girls in red dresses. They expected to find hookers behind windows, but to our consternation discovering our hookers red dresses out on the streets they started propositioning us instead. Maybe they thought not having expensive overheads we were offering bargain prices? Certainly some punters did because one guy tried to pick up Illegal offering 'her' 60 Euros for the ***"full works mate"!!!***



Anyone got an Umbrella Handy?

Then Tinky was asked if 'she' would do a "quickie" for 40 Euros! Meanwhile Wet Patch offered herself to Rampant for 30 Euros whereupon Rampant asked Viv to pay for him, but Viv said for only 20 Euros he could have herself instead.

What a bargain! Later Wendolene claimed she was offered 90 Euros for a whole night but she discovered her prospective buyer was a girl as well. After trying to barter her price higher she decided it would be too much excitement for too little return!



I'm yours, 10 Minutes for 10 Euros!

To escape any trouble we quickly dived into The Black Cat bar then into the Smallest Bar in the World which was bit of a struggle for so many Toads all at once, then after a few drinks ran onto Molly Maloneys Bar. She was a real goer with live music and dancing. Shiggy borrowed the bands guitar playing his classic rendition of "A Long Long Time ago..." etc. to which the Pack sang along. Some of us met an Indonesian Hasher whom enquired whether we are a Biking or Running Hash club? We danced & drank the night away.



Lovely Legs, Geef me de werkden!

Sunday 25th August A Long, Long Way to go..

Rampant Rabbit had warned the Pack we must finish breakfast & depart by 8.00am because the Hares would be on a tight schedule what with all they had planned for us to discover on bikes. For Crapaud's who enjoy a lie-in every Sunday before our Runs this early start was a big ask and so it proved. By 8.40am there were three Crapaud's patiently waiting while others gradually materialised. By 9.00am everyone already appeared were asking "where's the Hares"? At which point Rampant appears to lead the Pack on a trot to get our Bikes next to Central Railway Station.



Did I see a Pink Dutch Pig Flying?



Good Job we did not get Dutch WoodBike!



Where Has Maggie Gone?

Despite the Hares thinking they had everyone we discovered Maggie had become Missing Maggie. She had blithely wandered off to check out another bike rental place other side of Amsterdam!

Watery Route

To the Pack's relief we were given bikes with brakes, so thoughts of pedaling backwards to stop was Shiggy's ruse, what's more they even had gears. Well, three gears – slow, slightly faster and almost moving forwards. As a precaution Illegal was given an extra strong version, just in case - but more about that later! While Rampant & Shiggy had gone off to rescue Maggie the Pack mounted their bikes and were led by Vulva Viv straight round the corner, along *De Ruijterkade* promenade to board the no 601 waiting ferry to *Veer Buiksloterweg*. Veer are we going vee thought?



Ferry across the Mersey?

We crossed over to Amsterdam-Noord winding our way through leafy suburbs along the bicycle lanes towards Durgerdam. Foxy nearly ran down a Dutch lady but she only managed to exclaim "Oh Oh Oh" at him as we sped past her quick.

The Dykes we Love

Along *Durgerdammerdijk*, lined with pretty twee Dutch houses on one side and a big drop into the Markeemer inland sea on other side, we had a pit-stop at "Ye Olde Taverne" while Vulva Viv checked out with the other Hares if (1) we were on trail and (2) if they had found Maggie. Shiggy informed Viv we should be on a Red Route, rather encouraging as we actually were on Green No. 47. They do everything by numbers in Holland. Confidently Viv informed us she had a "message from God we are On Trail", whereupon Plonker asks if she can give him Gods mobile number. Taxi was anxious to get going again and we continued onto Green No. 79 route.



It's must be that-a Way!

Klingon pronounced it had been a rather long time..

since he... "had been on top of... such a big Dyke."

...She must have been very impressive, so was this dyke. ET got towed behind Illegal, saying she "Liked the windbreak" but this was not what we thought. The salty smell was coming off the North Sea. We discovered what the Face Masks the Hares had handed out were for, flies everywhere along the Dykes. The air was thick with them. Nil by Mouth claimed she had been bitten and eaten by them all.

Fuzz arrests Bikers

After continuing over Dikes for several miles at end of *Zeedijk* in the middle of nowhere we arrived at a T-junction. The N518 offered a two-way cycle track on one side of the road, Taxi & Viv debating whether we went left or right. Fuzz managed to block the cycle track nearly arresting four cyclists dead in their tracks. A large map proclaiming "*Feitsroute Netwerken Lag Holland*" was closely studied and the Harlette Hares decided we went right towards *Marken* along Green route No. 52 ... taking us along a narrow isthmus towards our destination. Little did we know this was an Island and we were cycling towards a dead-end. Was this a False Trail?

The Pack Re-Unites

We crossed over the *Beatrix-Brug* bridge into the Island of *Merken*. The twee houses we had already enjoyed for many miles had nothing on this hamlet. Very pretty, even twee-er shipboard clad timber chalets greeted us as we slowly wound around narrow footpaths. Wet Patch nearly came unstuck on one particularly sharp corner. We came to a grinding halt at *Eet Café de Visscher*.



Pit Stop chez Visscher

Operated by Mr & Mrs Visscher. Finally catching up with Maggie, Shiggy & Rampant (whom had taken a big short-cut) while rather nice Rose Beers were served all round. Good job Mr & Mrs Visscher did not spot the ferry berthing a few minutes later very nearly coming to a screeching halt right on top of their café & the whole Pack as well. Mad Dutch Sailor we thought. Little did we know...



Cheers to the Pack Re-United!

Mad Dutch Captain

The way the Captain berthed his Ferry was alarming. Like Illegal parking his bike... head full speed for the pontoon, keep going full pelt until you hit Visscher's café. Trouble was we were in front on the terrace. The Captain steered his ship like Titanic going under, with a big smile on his face and a wave at us all. He enjoyed the terrified look on our faces. How he managed to avoid crushing us all I will never know, but in a trike, sorry – trice, he was moored alongside. To a man the Pack were overcome until the ferry finally stopped, then rather glad we were cycling therefore would not be taking the ferry. These Ferries don't carry bikes, don't they?

Onboard Maties

We were wrong the Mad Dutch Captain was going to ferry us across the very strangely named *Gouwzee* stretch of water. This translates into English as *Gouwzee*, so maybe it's the crashing sound ferry makes when Captain docks? But Captain William proved to be very cool inveigling Whinger & TITS onto his bridge for a fun time & cuddles during the crossing.....



Docking for the Beer!



Captain Willie calling me Hearties!



Cuddles on the Ships Bridge..

Dutch Fuzzz

On disembarking at *Volendam* we were immediately accosted by a quartet of Dutch Cops with their trikes. Imagine them flashing their blue flights haring after a Dutch Robber! Lovely Pear went all swooney at their knees, claiming we were doing lots of cycling.



It's a Dutch Cycle Cop!

The Pack carefully wound their way around little lanes, past the busy & loud Heineken Bar thence finding the *Charleston Restaurant* where the Hares informed us we were having lunch. A very nice Dutch lunch was enjoyed by the Pack during which Maggie explained what the phrase *Tushkeen Bobbin* meant. No this was not Dutch but Irish saying *Bottoms Up*, or (depending how phrase was pronounced) it also meant *Arseholes to everyone!* Shortly afterwards Maggie disappeared off to the bog.



Cheers!

Screaming Dutch Girls

Maybe the lunch was laced with some kind of stimulant because after we set off *Tinky* started chasing after a couple of Dutch girls on their bicycles. We sped past a band playing in the park with the Dutch girls screaming in front of *Tinky*...



Tinky chasing Dutch Talent..

"GOING DUTCH" FANCY DRESS CENTREFOLD



Dutch Tossspots?



Dutch Orange Juiced?

**"Going Dutch" Role of Honour
Fancy Dresses - What was dressed as What
(in no particular order)**

*Dutch Airways Fly Me – Illegal Immigrant
Two Lips from HamsterJam – Two Stroke & Whinger
Dominatrix – Wet Patch
Dutch Girl – Wendolene
Hansel & Gretel – Shiggy & Taxi
"Tosspot" Hansel & Gretel – Rampant Rabbit & Vulva Viv
Mouse on the Stair (Dutch Rat) – Commando
Bier Keller (1991 Beer Jug) – Gobbler
Dutch Sex Cap (Be Safe) – Fuzzzz
Pretty in Orange – Untrimmed Bush
Two Lips from Amsterdam – Pussy
Dutch Girl – TITS
Englishman Abroad – Lovely Pear
Hansel & Gretel (again) – Klingon & Crappyoke
Dutch Orange – Bags of It
Orange Dutch – Foxy
Going Orange Dutch – Plonker
Sexy Dutch Girl – ET
Little Dutch Girl – Maggie
Dutch Windmill – Smuggler
Dutch Lady – Nil by Mouth
Dutch Dyke – Tinky Winky*



Dutch TuLipped!



Dutch Dominatrix!



Dutch Army!



Hansel between Gretels??



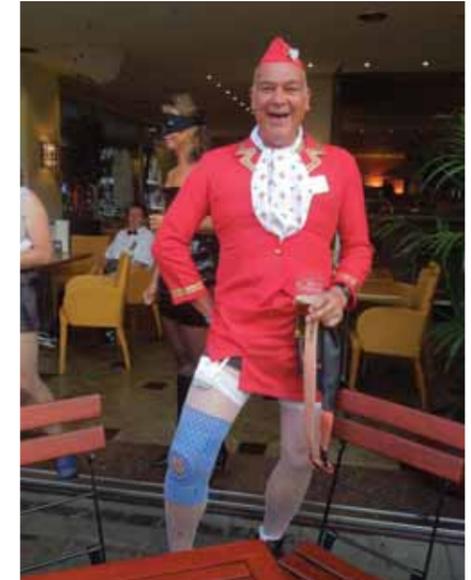
Bier Keller Cleavage!



Too much Dutch!



Dutch Hard to Get?



Fly Me Dutch Anytime!



Dutch Rat!



Triple Dutch?



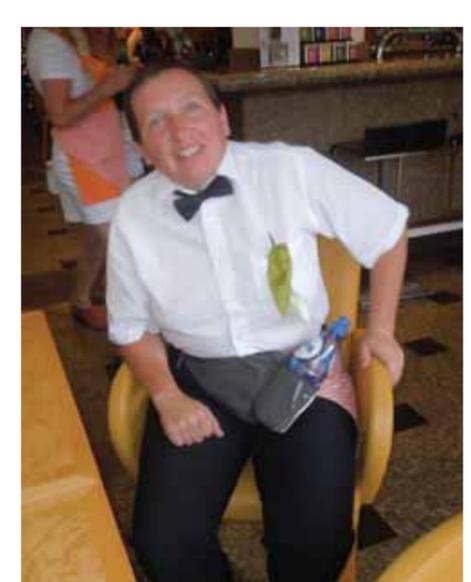
Dutch Gotcha!



Double Dutch?



Dutch Dyke?



Another Dutch Dyke!



Team Crapaud posing on giant Edam Cheese

while the Pack turned right along a leafy lane, then left across a Lift Bridge into *Edam*. The places where they make round cheeses for rolling down hills. We briefly stopped in the central square for photos where there was a 1737 Museum. Shiggy led the Pack out of Edam tricking us all into following him down a False Trail during which detour he got Yodelled at by a passing Dutchman for getting in his way. Rampant screamed *On On* at him. By now the afternoon was well advanced, we were miles from Amsterdam and hope it was not too far getting back to our Hotel. Our hopes were in vain.

Watery Trail

We cycled for kilometers, and kilometers, & even more kilometers down a cycle track alongside the N247 to *Broek in Waterland*. Foxy was desperate for a dump but the first Café we came across was locked! Several Hariettes disappeared around the corner finding a public loo attached to the Village Hall. The trail took us through an underpass where Tinky nearly came off his bike on a sharp bend, then over a small bridge into the Fields beyond. We passed a very rusty bike lying in the gutter - clearly the last Hasher passing this way had come to a sorry end.



R.I.P. Hashers Bike

We then went off-road into the Fields across country, literally walking our bikes across a footpath traversing grassy meadows and

over little brooks. The plank of wood bridges had specially made bicycle rails to get your bike across without having to carry the whole damn thing.



Cross-Country Biking – On Foot!



Hurry... No, Run along Please!



Jokers joking the Pack!



Ding a Ling, You can Ring my Bell!

Foot Ferry

But there was a problem our route was blocked by another stretch of water named *Holysloter Die*. This literally means “the low-lying area to a ditch”- a description typical of virtually all of Waterland. Yup, we were well & truly in the Shiggy again. Shiggy had a trick up his sleeve or rather to hand, with loud ringing of a handy bell the mini-barge sailed over to greet us and carry us across to the *Holysloter* hamlet.



How many Crapauds can fit on a Barge?

As never before sight of an old *Schoolhuis* converted into a Bar was very Welkom because they served ice cold drinks which by now we all needed & enjoyed. We relaxed in the balmy afternoon sun.



Me, Cycle? No Way!



Schoolhuise Budweisser

Rampant’s Entreaties

*“Don’t snore Plonker it’s time to go....
 Don’t relax Tinky it’s time to go....
 Don’t drink a drop Klingon it’s time to go...
 Put those tits away Commando it’s time to go...
 Get up Foxy it’s time to go...
 Stop chatting Gobbler it’s time to go...
 Get on your bike Smuggler it’s time to go...”*

Err.. Hold on Shiggy, Plonker, Tinky, Klingon, Commando, Foxy, Gobbler, Smuggler....

Please wait for me you Buggers!”

Illegal Bursts One

Within what seemed like only a few minutes we were called back into the saddle once again. By now it was getting late in the afternoon and the remaining Trail became a race to catch the Ferry back to Amsterdam Central before it was too late....



“Don’t Stop, Keep Going... Faster!”

This was turning into a rather long cycle ride and our bums were getting rather sore as we turned back down the *Uitdammerdijk* leading back towards the *Durgerdammerdijk*. Naughty Hares, the Trail crossed onto our outward route. About this point Illegal’s bike gave up the unequal struggle against his large frame and broke. He began running back towards the Ferry carrying the infernal machine but a Dutch Wife took pity on him offering up her young daughter to him for a lift back to the ferry terminal. That put a big grin on Illegal’s face! He had no hesitation accepting the offer of a trip with a bright, fresh, young Dutch girl. What kind of trip he had we don’t exactly know. Illegal claims he rewarded her with two pecks on her cheek, but I believe she was rather disappointed and dragged him into some nearby bushes for a longer grope and Dutch kissing! Next trip I want a puncture!!!

Illegal’s Broken Bike Theory

Despite being given an extra-strong bicycle Illegal broke his bike again, as usual on a Bike Bash. That’s one tradition he kept in Holland.

I have a theory about why this happens. Have you noticed when we are cycling he always appears to be out in front of the Pack? But other times he materializes for a very short while towards back of the Pack? Well he tends to circle around us all like a vulture selecting his prey. I observed in Holland his incredible turn of speed taking him from back to front of the Pack, literally within seconds:-

*I spotted his feet turned faster than his bikes wheels....
I witnessed the burning rubber coming off back of his rear tyre....
I saw his skid marks on the road.*

His rate of acceleration appears so extreme his bike cannot cope with the tyre accelerating slower than the hub. Eventually this effect causes the inner tube to rotate around the hub becoming all screwed up with inevitable result Illegal develops a puncture – again. Every year.

What a Boy!!

Sore Arses in Fancy Dress

We got back to Central Railway Station and gladly handed our bikes in because our bums were sore. Very, very sore. They really felt like we had cycled 65 kilometers in one day. What a marathon. Changing into our Fancy Dress we hoped Venue Hares had selected was close to our Hotel, we were all walking with legs spread apart somewhat. Shiggy pretended there was a fair hike to the Venue, trying to lead us up a False Trail alongside the *Rokin*

canal. He doubled back and we found our evenings Venue was actually in the Canal. Rather, actually floating on the Canal in a dining cruiser onto which we all stumbled aboard.

The Hares had planned a Virgin Venue for our Fancy Dress party afloat ... Classicy Brilliant!



All Aboard – for our Fancy Dress Party!

Boat Drank Dry

We met JustinCase, our Captain and Hope his Chef. Somewhat worrying names but they appeared competent enough and very welcoming. JustinCase announced we going under the *Skinny Bridge* advising kissing your partner going underneath your love will last forever. Tinky tried this on Rampant but did not work with Rampant giving Tinky a slap around his chops. Shiggy announced the usual *Toast to Absent Hashers* and we saluted the *Crapaud’s* missing from our midst. It was not very long before the boat stopped against the canal side. Our Captain reassured us “*No panick our waiter is getting more wine, we will have enough for you lot!*”. Hooray! We all shouted, realising JustinCase had got us well & truly taped.



The Boat was being Drunk Dry!



Snow White & her Pink but very Safe Dwarf!



Going Orange & White Dutch Style!



Dominatrix Tossspots!



Pretty Orange and not so much Orange!



Bier Keller Girlies Together!



Fly me I'm Dutch Orange Airlines!



Two Lips from HamsterJam!



Windmill Head & Dutch Miller's daughter!



Sexy Dutch Girl and her Dutch Rat!



Hanels & Gretel Cuddles!

Down Down's Part 1

Maggie was called to front of the boat and made to go on bended knees as Tinky christened her *Latecomer* for going missing when we were getting our bikes that morning.



Get on yer Knees, Latecomer!

We sang the Birthday Song for ET who got a pint for her 60th Birthday, although she now claimed to be only 50 years old.



Happy 60th Birthday ET!

Prizes of Down-Down's were awarded for the best Fancy Dress to "Fly Me" Illegal, "Dutch Rat" Commando & those "Jammy Hamsters with two Lips" Two Stroke & Whinger. Tinky also congratulated the Hares for a brilliant job so far, a really brilliant Fancy Dress Party afloat, hoping they could "keep it up" tomorrow. We all gave Three Cheers to Captain JustinCase and his support act Ozzy, Rhianna & Ewy as they downed their pints.

Hamsterdam Damage

The music continued playing and we danced while we cruised along the canals. Not that we noticed much outside the boat, the action was all kicking off inside.



Bright Lights of Hamsterdam!



Disco Dutch Style!



Rockin & Rollin!

Commando started provocatively swinging her Rats tail around. Whinger topped this by swinging her boobs around synchronised with her rotating hamsters. Her Fancy Dress hamsters that was. Smuggler nearly suffered a black eye but Whingers boobs on impact were quite soft. Shiggy disappeared into the miniscule bog sometime later emerging dressed in an orange Mankini and nothing else, proceeding to parade around the boat. What a sight...



Shiggy Reveals Himself... Dutch Style

The whole Pack was rocking and rolling to the strains of ***Who the Fuck is Alice*** as the boat rolled into dock at end of a fabulously memorable and probably un-repeatable party. The Pack adjourned to the Watering Hole bar where there was great live music playing and we continued dancing into early hours of the morning.... ***A Great Memorable Night enjoyed by All..***

Monday 26th August

Hangover Amsterdam

Good job Rampant had informed us all we had an easy late start because many of us were suffering from the night before, on top of night before last. We did not get out of Hotel until 10.00am ish



Hangover Breakfast?

- and even then Bags of It, Smuggler & Two Stoke were missing. Rampant said we were going on a *Magical Mystery Tour* today and we set off through central Amsterdam following the Hares. They piled into a Green Bike shop but admitted it was a wind-up “we took you in there for the ride, eh!” then pointing out the *Nadia Hotel* were they stayed on the first Recee visit, showing us the vertiginous staircase. We passed Anne Franke’s Huis where there was an inexplicably long queue to visit after which we stopped at the *Priks Bar* for our first refreshments of the day..



Priks outside Priks Bar!

Heineken Galore

Our Hares had another surprise in store, eventually leading us to *The Heineken Experience*. Yes the original brewery, now an interactive exhibition centre espousing the virtues & benefits of all things Dutch Pilsner. And I mean *interactive* because admission involves drinking the stuff as well as all kinds of other *Heineken Experience* fun things like:-

Brew you Ride - Be the Beer



Getting Well & Truly Bottled!

Escaping from this close encounter with the inside of a Heineken bottle after a fun few hours we adjourned to a pub across other side of the roads for a top-up, or coffee in many cases. Whinger was getting worried why every Dyke walking past smiled at her and in one case nearly fell over her. The Hares then led us through the *Rijksmuseum* into verdant gardens where there were water fountains. Illegal & Bags of It got soaked.



Don't Jump Yet!

Plonker pushed Crappyoke through the fountains just as they came on. Both got soaked. We enjoyed an ice cream in the *Museumplein* listening to two beautiful Dutch girls playing gorgeous music – go to www.vonderandbloom.com.



Vonder & Blooming Talent!

Fun in the Afternoon

Lunch was beckoning and the Hares led us to Aran’s Irish Pub offering *Real Irish Fish & Chips* – or even an alternative real English Fish & Chips if you preferred. We relaxed in the balmy sun while Crappyoke tried to mount an Irish Pole only to discover it was the Sunshade Pole. Latecomer blew up a latex glove and we all played bouncing it around from one table to another. That was quickly stopped when Untrimmed Bush caught it between her legs going “Popped” we wondered how prickly her Untrimmed Bush was? Rampant began worrying how many co-Hares he was losing when Shiggy sloped off back to his sack. With three Hares going..



Team Crapaud!

missing he said he could not afford to lose another Hare - which would be himself! Plonker fell asleep and his head was marked '666' in lipstick, for identification purposes of course.



Mark of a Devil?



Emergency! What Emergency?

By now there were only 8 Crapaud's remaining – Fuzz, Wendolene, Gobbler, Smuggler, Plonker, Tinky Winky, Foxy & Two Stroke were still standing. Two Stroke told us when he was young wanting to become a Triathlete he tried all three but did not like any very much, then opining -

CRAPAUD'S ARE F.I.N.E. – Fucked Up, Insecure, Neurotic & Emotional!

Two Stroke continued informing us his wife's vibrator is mains powered and great on Economy 7 it lasts all night. Foxy said he had tried that kind of vibrator but it only worked between midnight and 7.00am, he had more fun watching the meter go round. Plonker admitted he had absolute pleasure sleeping with Foxy last two nights, leaving us wondering what had been going on in their room??

Beer Bikes?

Later back at the Hotel a nasty rumour was developing we were going on another cycle ride. Smuggler said he would be damned before going cycling in the dark, he could not see feck where he was going in daytime. It turned out to be true our Hares had planned another surprise, riding on the Beer Bike through central Amsterdam. This is sort of a communal bike where fourteen sit facing each other across a bench while pedaling & drinking beer. But Rampant informed us the Beer Bike had been cancelled because it had a bad crash encounter with a tram. It was wrecked, totally knackered. Not surprising when riders face away from the direction in which this contraption is headed.

Final Night - Plan B

So instead the Hares switched to Plan B – we will leave Hotel an hour later. It was nicknamed "Shiggy Time" because by now he was running later and later. Wet Patch reported Shiggy was pre-occupied plucking hairs out of his Mankini. Crappyoke said she wont be long just plucking hairs out of her panty-hose. Eventually the other Hares consulted Taxi about which direction they had planned and we set off touring around more Amsterdam bars. We encountered a group of wild Leprechauns singing in Dutch whom were parading up and down some of the streets we staggered down.



By now proceedings had got rather Hazy!

Staggering

By now staggering was the general mode of forward motion most Crapaud's were adopting. It helped avoid falling over. Unfortunately this did not work for Illegal who cracked his head on a Bar while falling asleep, but poor Illegal was not well and he disappeared off back to the Hotel. The Hares led us to a lovely restaurant for dinner in a private room on the first floor. The cuisine was great, the company was exceptional! Towards end of the wonderful buffet Tinky gave a Toast to Absent Hashers with which the whole Pack concurred.

Down Downs Part 2

The traditional 'Golden Peg' had been replaced with a 'Dutch Cap' courtesy of Commando. Wendolene succumbed not finding where it was fixed to her torso so, trying to fool Tinky with water, was made to down-down a whole glass of red wine.

Klingon announced this trip would go down in the.."***Anal's of History as a Classic Bike Bash***". Grand-Master Tinky Winky concurred, arrainging the Hares on various charges – giving the Pack lots of fun, Organisational nightmares, Brilliant Plotting, Getting lost, and the like. He opined the Hares had whistled up a wonderfully classic Bike Bash the like of which our Club had never enjoyed before – and probably will never enjoy again. The whole Pack gave the **Hares three big cheers!**

“A *first rate excursion*” Tinky said, for which Shiggy, Rampant Rabbit, Taxi & Vulva were given their due punishment. The Virgin’s Jono & Lovely Pear were made to repent their sins. Tinky then announced the Biggest Sinner this weekend was Fuzzz for her ‘*Be Safe, not Sorry – Dutch Cap*’ outfit for which she drank a whole jug of something strange. It looked creamy and had an off-white colour?

Rampant’s Warning

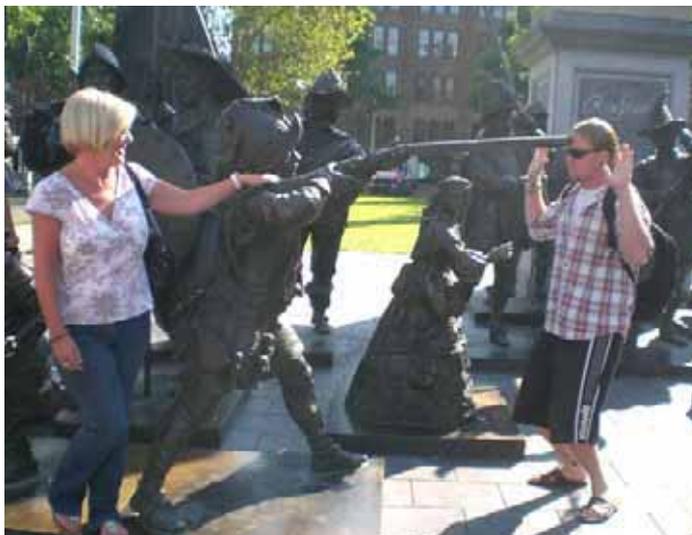
Rampant warned the Pack tomorrow your morning is free, but Coach leaves at midday so be ready or miss out flying & find your own way back to our little Rock! By now Plonker was struggling, asking if he could hand in his room key now just in case he didn’t manage to get back. After that proceedings went rather fuzzy for your scribe and visions floated across my eyes. Possibly something related to a strange substance available in this part of Europe. I am told some Hariettes were still up for it going off to the *Banana Bar* then discovering themselves at the *Moulin Rouge* where I believe they staged an amazing display bringing the house down.



Crapaud’s gave Rare Performance!

Tuesday 27th August

We were all well & truly knackered. Out for the count. During a very quiet morning a small group of us visited Rembrandt Square where we witnessed what the young Dutch enjoy for breakfast. Definitely a strange substance freely available in this part of Europe. What else we did escapes me now....



Your Hash or Your Life!

.. or maybe I won’t confess!



Smokey Joes!

Hush Flying

Fortunately Plonker was still with us and Illegal had recovered somewhat when we gathered at midday. Because we had so much fun & merriment over the last few days the coach & flight back passed in a daze very quietly. Wet Patch snored the loudest of several Crapaud’s on the plane. Before falling like Zombies we gave another three load Cheers to the Hares for doing such a fantastic job which all of us (assisted by this Chronicle no doubt) will fondly remember for many years to come.



No much Life on the Plane!



Knackered Grand-Master



Out for the Count Vulva Viv!



Under the Jacket!



ET Somnambulant!



TITS Upped!



Seriously bad Snoring!

Definitely the Dutch Bike Bash *Going Dutch* was an absolutely classic trip for the Crapaud's.... **WHAT MASSIVE FUN!!**

The Dutch Bike Bash was an absolutely fabulous trip, many congratulations to the Hares Rampant Rabbit, Vulva Viv, Taxi & last but by no means least Shiggy, for putting on a First-Rate Showstopper! All entrants into Tour des Hamsterdame had an absolute Whale of a Time.

On On

POSTSCRIPT: To protect the very guilty I have torn up, eaten and inwardly digested my 42 pages of notes, just in case you wondered if any evidence remained. By now you might find some small scraps of paper in the tanks down in Bellozanne Valley but I assure readers these notes will be completely indecipherable.

Avoid being hit by Dutch Bikers – Nine Tips

- [1] Look out behind you, in front and sideways all at same time. You might spot most bicycles before they hit you.
- [2] Try not to walk into a moving one.
- [3] Bear in mind that a bicycle is not always on a bike lane. It could be anywhere, even behind you on the pavement.
- [4] Look for a little bicycle icon painted on the tarmac. If it's there, and you're there, jump into the road.
- [5] Look for a difference in pavement colour on the footpath. Probably a bike lane in disguise.
- [6] If the footpath you're walking along suddenly peters out to nothing, and you have no choice but to walk either in a tram lane or a bike lane, then choose the bike lane - **getting hit by a tram hurts even more!**
- [7] Listen for the telltale *jing jing* of a bicycle bell somewhere behind you. **This indicates a cyclist is about to mow you down!**
- [8] Be alert for red bicycles with little signs, they are rented bikes. This means a dangerous amateur is behind the handlebars. **If you see ten red bikes travelling en masse - take cover!**
- [9] If someone behind you yells "*Rot op uit de weg, klotzak!*" then jump aside and argue later. Ideally much later. **You were just called an asshole. Or to be precise- a scrotum!!**